

# RUTLAND HERALD.

"Here comes the 'Herald' of a noisy world, with news from all Nations."

VOL. XLIV.

THE RUTLAND HERALD.  
Published every Tuesday, at Rutland, Vt., by  
WILLIAM FAY.

## TERMS OF THIS PAPER.

17 To subscribers in the village \$2.00. Mail subscribers  
\$1.00, or \$1.75 in advance.

Classes who take their paper at the Office \$1.75 or \$1.50  
in advance. Individual subscribers who take their papers at  
the Office, the same.

Subscribers to whom papers are sent in packages by stage  
the same.

Subscribers on the Southern and Southern Post Route,  
to whom papers are delivered by our carrier, at their door,  
\$2.00. To those living off the route, either in packages or  
envelope \$1.00. A discount of 25cts. will be made to each  
subscriber who pays in advance. No one is authorized to  
make a different bargain on this route, and the publisher  
will be entitled to himself some few incoherent words,  
expressive of the wretchedness of his condition, the  
true nature of which he felt to be best declared by the  
readiness with which his friend had assumed to get him out  
of his misery.

One draught of this, said the unhappy man, "and all  
will be over—a happy release—comes—comes—; if  
after all she should relapse—that last look—she might—  
she must have loved me—and if so, and she loves that  
I have died for her sake—what tortures will she feel?  
Tortures of my infidelity. How I will swear them—  
these terms, and pay promptly—the publisher will be obliged  
to withdraw his offer from me, and you will have  
to give up the new paper to the office." "I  
know your paper, when once this paper and its contents  
get away, it will change 25cts. in value, in addition to the  
discrepancy.

No paper is discontinued until all arrears are paid,  
without the publisher is convinced that they never will be.

To Advertising customers, such as Merchants, Me-  
dical men, &c. &c. the publisher would suggest that they have an  
advised and confidential interview with him, with their custom from  
every part of the Country, as his circulation is now very  
large, and general throughout the Country.

## NOTES.

### Constitutional Song.

The following singular old song was written for one  
of the earliest Celebrations of the adoption of our Excel-  
lent Federal Constitution, some fifty years ago. It is  
worth preserving.

Ye merry Mechanics, come join in my song,  
And let the brisk chorus of clapping along,  
Though some may be poor, and some rich there may  
be none.

You all are contented and happy and free.

Ye Tailors of ancient and not renown,  
Who clothe all the populous country or town,  
Remember that Adam, your father and head,  
Through Lord of the world was a tailor by trade.

Ye Masons, who work in stone, mortar and brick,  
And lay the four corners deep, solid and thick,  
Through hard on your labor, yet lasting your fame,  
Both Egypt and China your wonders profane.

Ye Sailors, who far go far, in all trades here below;  
You have nothing to fear, while your hands hold you  
now.

All things you may conquer, as happy you'll be,  
If you're careful to steer while your iron is hot.

Ye Shoemakers, idle from idling long past,  
Have defended your rights with the scold to the last,  
And Coffers, all money, not only sum holes,  
But work night and day for the good of our souls.

Ye Cabinet makers, brave workers in wood,  
As you work for the ladies, your work must be good,  
And Joiners and Carpenters, far off and near,  
Stick close to your trades and you have nothing to  
fear.

Ye Hatters, who oft, with hands not very fair,  
Fix hats on a block for a blockhead to wear,  
Through charity covers a sin now and then,  
You cover the heads and the sins of all men.

Ye Coach Makers must not by tax be controlled,  
But shill off your coaches, and bring bushels of gold;  
The tail of your coach made Coperups reel,  
And fancy the world to turn round upon wheels.

Ye Carders and Spinners and Weavers attend,  
And take the advice of Poor Richard, your friend;  
Stick close to your looms, your wheels and your card,  
And you need have no fear of the times being hard.

Ye Painters, who give us our learning and news,  
And impartially print for Turks, Christians and Jews;  
Let your favorite traits over and over in the streets,  
The freedom of Press and a volume in sheets.

Ye Coopers, who rattle with drivers and ax's,  
And who lecture each day upon hogs and on heads,  
The famous old barrel of love in a tub,  
You may sing to the tune of your tub-a-dub-dub.

Ye Ship Builders, Riggers, and makers of Sails,  
Already the New Constitution prevails,  
And soon ye shall see or the proud swelling tide,  
The ships of Columbia triumphantly ride.

Each Tradesman turn out, with his tools in his hand,  
To cherish the Arts and keep peace through the land  
Each Painter and Journeyman join in my song,  
And let the brisk chorus go bounding along.

## SELECTED TALES.

### Wine and Water.

BY THOMAS HODGE.

(Concluded.)

"And put an end to yourself," said Langley, evidently very much surprised at the announcement supposed to come from his friend, from whom he expected to meet with nothing but dissatisfaction or opposition to his dreadful design.

"I should," said Motttingham, unless I felt that I could live again, and some new object might interest me, and restore me to the world and myself."

"Really?" said Langley.

"Nay, more," said his friend; "my object in following you was to afford you the means of putting your intentions into execution more surely and secretly than you might otherwise have been able to fulfil them."

"Is it possible?" said Langley.

"True, my friend," continued Mr. Motttingham; "I have always held peculiar opinions on that point. I have always resolved—with all my natural graces of disposition—that, if certain things were to happen to me, and if I were suddenly struck with misfortune, I should cut the matter short."

"Do not repeat," said Langley, never having heard you speak in this strain before."

"Assuredly not," said Motttingham; "such subjects are not matters of every day conversation, and the broaching such subjects must infallibly injure the character of the world; but to prove my sincerity, see here the means of self destruction without pain, without noise, without disfigurement—never have I been without the world for years."

Saying which, the sympathizing friend drew from a side-pocket a small paper packet, folded and sealed with a small black seal.

"Wait," said Langley, "have you brought it?"

"Here it is, my friend," said Motttingham; "its operation is most perfect—it steals through the system without inflicting the slightest suffering, and an instant you will sink into a delightful沉醉 (drowsy) swoon from which you will never awake."

"How dreadful!" muttered Langley. "Oh Chastisement—"

"Do not thank me for this," said Motttingham; "it is an act of mercy and of friendship, which were I under similar circumstances to yourself, I can assure you would do for me. I will mix it for you—it is tasteless—and, tasteless, it is."

Saying which, Mr. Motttingham proceeded in mix two equal portions of wine and water in the tumbler; and then, having broken the black seal with a trembling hand he threw the deadly powder into the glass, it was dissolved in an instant, and the paper which had contained it reduced and cautiously replaced in the pocket whence it had been drawn.

"My dear friend," said Langley, trembling with agi-

tation,

"Langley," said Motttingham, considerably affected,

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the position and circumstance in which he found his master. "Such news, Sir—such news!"

"What?" exclaimed Langley, having obtained a minute's respite from the operation of the pump—What is the news?"

"Miss Featherstock, Sir—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Langley, "it is as I suspected—he

killed himself."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Stephen, "not she."

"Gone off with Colonel Motttingham."

"No, Sir," said Stephen, "you'll never guess."

"Speak out, Sir," said Langley.

"Sir, Sir, and Doctor Chastisement, with the quiet in his head, there's no time to lose—but our master's dead—upon the precipitate of the application of the pump."

"Out!" cried Stephen; "why, then, I'll tell you—"

"Miss Featherstock has run away with her father's murderer!"

"A what?" said Motttingham.

"A serial—like me—," cried Langley.—"Stephen confounds the words—and have you got the very thing?"

"I have," said Stephen; "I have it under her father's own hand, why don't you look on at her? and has written a regular engraving of the entire scene for you—see—see—"

"What?" said Motttingham.

"Come, Dr. Chastisement."

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